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Drama No. 4. . . . Battle of the Bush.—The Regicides.

THE
REGICIDES.
(N. E.)

An Historical Drama.

[YEARS 1640 TO 1676.]

By ROBERT B. CAVERLY,
POET AND HISTORIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILLIAM GOFFE,	} Regicides.	OLIVER CROMWELL, The Protector.
EDWARD WHALLEY,		MESSENGERS, 1st and 2d.
JOHN DIXWELL,		NIMROD An Irishman.
SIR GEO. AYSCUE, .	} Officer of the Crown.	THE KING'S CONSTABLE.
JO BRADSHAWE		MRS. FLEETWOOD, } Daughters of
MICHAEL MCPHERSON, A Catholic.	Ch. Judge.	MRS. CLAYPOLE, . } Cromwell.
DR. DRUG. A Churchman.		RICHARD Son of Cromwell.
KING CHARLES I.		JOICE A Captain.
THE DUKE OF YORK.		NAYLOR A Quaker.
THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.		HARRISON, }
AUNT MARGERY, }	} . . Dissenters.	PETERS, }
JENNIE GEDDES, }		JONES, }
KIANEMO The Betrothed,		LEONORA . . . The Squaw Sachem.
		SAGAMORE SAM.

ATTENDANTS.

Heroic Villagers of Hadley; OLD ISRAEL, TOM, NOAH, NATHAN, and DEACON DROWN; a member of Parliament; a member of a Court; MRS. WHITTERWINKLE, WHITE, and LESLEY.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1884.

HISTORIC AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT B. CAVERLY.

VOICE OF THE CRITICS.

"Caverly, the author, is a distinguished lawyer. He has rendered an important service. . . . He has brought into fresh notice times and men, . . . has embalmed their deeds and memories in verse, which may well be immortal." — HON. NATHAN W. HAZEN, in *Essex Banner of Aug. 10, 1866.*

At a public reading of the author's "Merrimac": — "As we listened, we thought it might not improperly be called a *symphonic song* or *poem of the creation*, — there was such comprehensive blending of varied melodies. We were taken back to the time when 'the morning stars sang together;' and then, by the gradually more measured tread of the language, the worlds were launched, and the mountains reared their crests up to the stars. In majestic diction the hills of New England were depicted. In the more flowing numbers that succeeded, we were aware that the streamlets were born, and trickling, drew their silver line down the rocky slopes. Through the meadows meanders the peaceful river, gladdening herb and bird and man. The songs of the happy tenants of the air, and the sounds of many innocent and prosperous industries are heard from every side. Then, in more constrained, almost impatient rhythm, is given the vivid picture of Nature in chains, but even the captive is beneficent. No longer the sportive, rambling runlet, but now the giant Merrimac in the hands of the Philistines. The noise of a thousand wheels, the whirl of ten thousand spindles, and the clatter of looms, are pictured in language fitly chosen to typify these active, gigantic and incessant activities. And then, like peace after strife, comes the melodious description of the gorgeous fabrics, more wonderful than any fairy legend, and by the rich, subdued spirit of content that fills the verse, we feel, without being told, that a state of society in which all amenities, graces and charities flourish, is the purposed end of the magnificence and wealth of the creation." — REV. AUSTIN S. GARVER, in an article as found in a public journal of April, 1877.

"I have read and examined Mr. Caverly's poetical works with interest; and find them filled with effusions that seem to carry me back to other scenes and other times. In them is the freshness of the *present* mingling with the *past*, that seem to touch the life and experience of the many." — HON. JUDGE JOSEPH HOWARD, late of the Supreme Court of Maine.

Caverly's Epics and Lyrics, as noted from one of his Public Readings: — "The greatest interest was exhibited by the audience as he progressed in his recital of a walk among the mounds that mark the resting places of fallen soldiers on the heights of Arlington, and while passing from his prologue, as he carried his listeners in fancy from Washington City over the Potomac and up the Heights, we could almost imagine we heard the solemn rustling of the trees, and could discern in the twilight the melancholy records of the battle. We could almost hear the stranger whom the writer met at the outset, dissuade him from the visit by weird tales of ghosts and spectres. . . ." — From MR. Z. E. STONE, a celebrated Journalist.

Of the author's lessons of Law and Life from Eliot the Apostle: — "The author, in delineating the Apostle's life, interweaves the history of New England in a brief and forcible manner, and learnedly follows out the conclusions and deductions of the story." — HON. JOHN A. GOODWIN, late of the *Vox Populi*.

Of the author (and his works,) at one of his Public Readings: — "He is fond of dressing up the quaint legends of the Aborigines in the language of poesy. The *Bride of Burton*, the *Allegory of the Squirrel*, and the *Voice of Spring*, are good examples of this work. The *Golden Wedding* was in a humorous strain, and caused a ripple of laughter to sweep over the audience as pictures of the olden New England life were drawn. The living voice and presence of the author are a great help in the enjoyment of his verse. The reader will find a fund of enjoyment in the perusal of his volumes. . . ." — HON. GEORGE A. MARDEN, in *Lowell Courier of Oct. 26, 1871.*

On this subject, REV. ELIAS NASON, the celebrated orator and author, says: — "I have perused the Epics and Lyrics with keen and sympathetic pleasure, and I congratulate the author on the advanced record he has made in beating the sweet fields of poetry. Aside from the intrinsic merit of his muse, the local scenes and circumstances which he poetizes become a part of our own life and being; and thus in reading him we have the joy, not only of perusing tuneful numbers, but of seeing common things we know around us as by an enchanter's wand transfigured into beauty."

HON. ANDERSON KIRKWOOD, LL.D., in the *Edinburgh Review*, Scotland, says: — "Both Americans and English have to thank Mr. Caverly for his laborious and interesting *resumé* of those old Indian wars of New England."

"Beautiful in expression and sentiment." — REV. DR. N. BOUTON, the *Historian*.

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APR 9 1885



GIANT OF THE WOODS.

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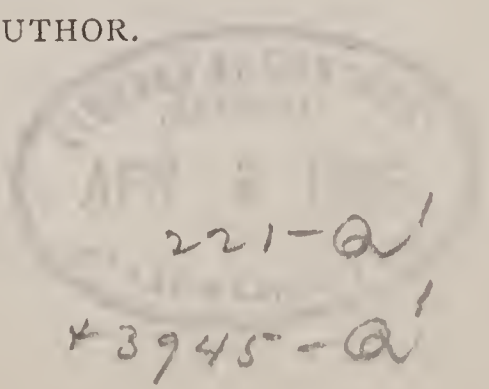
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1724 June 26, 1921.

BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

LOVEWELL, PAUGUS, AND THE REGICIDES.

LEGENDARY.

No incidental conflicts in New England's primeval history were more heroic and heart-moving, than those of Captain John Lovewell against the Indians under Paugus. Lovewell, at the first, in 1724, had raised a company of thirty volunteers, and advancing north of Lake Winnipiseogee, found an Indian and a boy in a wigwam, killed the Indian, and, bringing the boy to Boston, received a bounty for the exploit, as well as a gratuity from the colonies.

Afterwards, with seventy men, he again invaded the forest above the lake; but thirty of his men, for the want of provisions, faltered and turned back; but the others advanced, and discovering a tribe which had encamped for the night, they concealed themselves, and at midnight rose and fell in upon them, at the side of a pond. Lovewell fired first, and killed two. Five others fired, and then all the others, and then by this all the Indians but one were slain. He, being wounded, and trying to escape, was followed by a dog, and was held until he also was killed. This was at Lovewell's Pond,

in Wakefield, N. H., at the head of one of the branches of the Salmon Fall River.

Belknap, the historian, says: "This brave company, on February 24, 1625, with the ten scalps stretched on hoops, and elevated on poles, entered Dover (Cocheco) in triumph, and, proceeding to Boston, received the bounty of one hundred pounds for each, out of the public treasury."

And again, on the sixteenth of April of that year, Lovewell, raising another company, numbering forty-six men, including a surgeon and a chaplain, he again advanced into the forests of the northeast as before. Two of the men becoming lame, and one falling sick, were left behind with the surgeon, in a stockade fort on the west side of the great Ossipee Pond; together with eight men, who were also left there as a guard. The remaining thirty-four men, led by Lovewell, advanced onward about twenty-two miles, and encamped on the shore of a pond. In the morning, while at their devotions, they, hearing the report of a gun, discovered an Indian on a point of land extending into the pond, nearly a mile away. Thereupon they marched off in the direction of the Indian, first disencumbering themselves of their knapsacks, leaving them there on the northeast end of the pond, without a guard.

It appeared that Lovewell's march had crossed a carrying-place, wherein Paugus and Wahwa, with forty-one warriors from Saco River, were about returning to the lower village of Pequaket, it being distant about a mile and a half from this pond.

Discovering the track of Lovewell, they traced it back to the packs, counting them, and ascertaining the

number of the enemy to be less than their own tribe, they placed themselves in ambush, and awaited Lovewell's return.

Lovewell, while away, again discovering the Indian from the point of land, fired at him; but, missing him, he returned their fire with small shot, wounding the Captain and one of his men. But Lieutenant Wyman, firing again, killed the Indian, and took his scalp.

They then returning for their packs, the Indians arose and assailed them with firelocks, and yells terrific. Captain Lovewell was killed at the onset. Lieutenant Farwell and two others were wounded. Several of the Indians fell; but, seeing their superiority of numbers, Lovewell's men took positions behind rocks and trees. On their right was the mouth of a brook, on their left a rocky point. Their front was covered partly by a deep bog, with the pond in their rear; and there they continued the fight for a long time.

Jonathan Frye, Ensign Robbins, and one other were mortally wounded; yet they continued the conflict up to near the night, when the Indians left the ground, carrying away their killed and wounded, and leaving the dead bodies of Lovewell and others unscalped.

Of the remnant of this brave force of settlers, three were unable to leave the spot, eleven others were wounded, but able to march, and nine only had received no injury. It was sad to leave their three wounded companions in the wilderness, but the fates had so ordered it. One of them, Ensign Robbins, directed that his gun should be left at his side charged, so that if the enemy returned, he might kill one more of them.

This was on the 8th of May, at night. When they left the ground, the moon had cast its light upon the fatal spot, and had begun to light their way through the wilderness towards the fort where their comrades, the surgeon, and guard had been left. And it appears Robbins, Lieutenant Farwell, and the Chaplain, thus perished in the woods, while the survivors, after suffering the most severe hardships, wandered back, arriving one after another into the lonely fort. Fourteen only of Lovewell's forty-six men lived to find their way back to their cots or cabins in old Dunstable.

A generous provision was made for the widows and children of the slain. Lands by the Commonwealth were given to the survivors, one tract now takes the name of Pembroke, N. H.

Soon after this battle Colonel Tyng, of Dunstable, visited that battle-ground, buried the bodies of twelve of the company, carved their names upon the trees there, and then left them alone again, in the dark, deep forest, to a peaceful, quiet repose. A considerable time after this dread conflict, wherein both Paugus and Lovewell fell, a temporary treaty was negotiated under Governor Dummer's administration, with the Norridge-wocks, Penobscots, St. Johns, and Cape Sable Indians. This treaty was ratified Aug. 5, 1726. Anon, for a while, there are better days, —

And peace, — that welcome harbinger of health,
Of generous thrift, foreshadowing weal and wealth, —
Brings her glad-tidings down, and cheers the land
With prompt good will, and noble deeds at hand;
To heal the broken heart, to make amends,
For wilful waste that from the past descends.



MAID AT THE WHEEL.



Thence this fair vale from mountain to the main,
 In vernal grandeur buds to bloom again;
 And plenteous harvest with her golden cars,
 Crowning the prudence of progressive years,
 Adorns the field, and grace triumphant gives
 To honest toil. . . .

LEGEND NO. 4.

[*The King, Cromwell, and their Conflicts. A true story of the royal fugitives, — William Goffe, Edmund Whalley, and John Dixwell.*]

In the following Drama we have noted the Englishmen above named, and have extended particularly some of the dread events which happened at their hands and against them both in England and America.

They had been known as Regicides, who, among others, one hundred in all, acting in the capacity of judges, had beheaded King Charles I., under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell. And when the British government had again changed, Oliver Cromwell being dead, and Charles II. being crowned King, these men, then being pursued as murderers of his father, escaped from England, and arrived at Boston in July, 1660. They were regarded as gentlemen of worth, were of dignified manners and appearance, were esteemed of the Colonists, and were pious, commanding much respect. Whalley had been a lieutenant-general under Cromwell, and Goffe a major-general in the same army. An order from King Charles II. for their apprehension reached New England soon after their arrival here; and to avoid the King's Commissioners, then eager to execute this order, these Judges hastily resorted to the woods and to the caves of the earth for concealment.

Several of their associate judges had already been caught by the king's constables and executed in England; yet the Colonists had a care and a disposition to favor these fugitives who had sought an asylum on these shores. At one time they occupied a cave on West Rock, about two miles from New Haven; at another, they dwelt secreted under a bridge, while their pursuers crossed it on horseback; at other times they found refuge in rude cellars and garrets, and although much troubled, fortune usually turned in their favor.

At length, after a concealment of about three years and a half at New Haven and its vicinity, they, on Oct. 13, 1664, left there for Hadley, Massachusetts, one hundred miles distant, travelled by night, and took up their abode there at the house of John Russell, a friendly clergyman of that village. The house was well suited to the reception and secretion of the judges. "The east chamber was assigned for their residence, from which a door opened into a closet back of the chimney, and a secret trap-door communicated with an under closet, from which was a private passage to the cellar, into which it was easy to descend in case of a search."

"Here, unknown to the people of Hadley, excepting to a few confidants and the family of Mr. Russell, the Judges remained fifteen or sixteen years. These Judges were confidentially known at the time by a Mr. Smith, who also admitted them occasionally to his house in Hadley. They were also favored by a Mr. Tilton, then often in Boston as a member of the General Court from Hadley," through whom donations from their friends in England and elsewhere were, from time to time, re-

ceived by the Judges. During his residence in Hadley, Goffe held a correspondence with his wife in England under a fictitious name. By one of the letters, dated April 2, 1679, it appears Whalley had died at Mr. Russell's residence some time previously. He was buried in a small tomb of mason work, just without the cellar-wall of the Russell house. Much later, in 1794, the bones of this Regicide were found there by a Mr. Gaylord, who erected a house on the same premises. Soon after the decease of Whalley, Goffe, as appears, left Hadley and journeyed to the south. Afterwards no certain news was heard of him. "Not long after the arrival of these two Regicides at Hadley, Colonel John Dixwell, another of the judges, joined them at Mr. Russell's, and resided there for awhile. He afterwards settled at New Haven, Conn., under the assumed name of Davids, where he died in 1689.

During Philip's war these men, as appears, were still secreted in Hadley. In 1776 this town, at one time, was attacked by about seven hundred Indians. Over night the Indians had approached it, had laid an ambuscade at its southern extremity, and advanced the main body towards the other, and at daylight, as was their custom, "the attack was commenced, with great spirit;" but the English turning out, received them at the palisades.

The Indians gained possession of a house at the north end of the street, and fired a barn, but were in a short time driven back, with loss. The attack was renewed, on other points, and the Indians, though warmly opposed, appeared determined on carrying the place; but a discharge of a piece of ordinance checked their fury,

and their ambuscade failing of its object, which was to surprise the people who might be driven from the village, they faltered, and fled away.* “At this moment,” says Dr. Dwight, “an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice, and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come nor whither he had gone.

The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential, the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable, his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel, sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe. Whalley had, as it is said, become superannuated, some time before this event took place.

In the following drama, No. IV., further and more specific accounts of the secluded, fearful lives of these venerable regicides will occasionally appear, — as how, through life, they were pursued in our New England wilderness by the king’s constables; how they were

* See Nason’s Mass. Gazetteer, page 240.

secreted, fought for, and defended, from time to time, by Leonora, the celebrated squaw-sachem of Wachusett; and how this squaw, then young and energetic, assisted by her betrothed lover, Ki-a-nemo, had fought for and had given the Regicides a safe deliverance from the constables of an angry king, seeking blood; and how in the old world, cruelty and crime as a prelude to this had cropped out, dividing the kingdoms into discordant factions, in the midst of which the bitter passions of men predominated, and the wildest fanaticisms and combinations became rabid in the conflict; and how from all this, Parliament in its demoralizations and distractions had invaded the prerogatives of the throne, imposing restraints upon the royal actions of Charles I., to a general disorganization; and how the armies, the churches, and the people at large, had become distracted, all at loggerheads, faction against faction, power against power, without the restraints of Parliament, of the King, or of laws; and how Oliver Cromwell and his court of seventy judges, arrested, tried, convicted, and beheaded the King, drove out Parliament, and terminated that kingdom; and how by force of the armies for seven years he held and ruled England; and, at his death, how the judges whose mandates had beheaded the King, being in the end (many of them) hunted down, and themselves executed, shall appear.

THE REGICIDES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Council Chamber in London, and Cromwell alone.*

Cromwell. This heart and this head of mine are painful. To me, as well as to the realm, the times indeed are troublesome. Treason lurks in the king's councils; the royal Charles, himself, is a traitor. Kingly traitors, as many say, ought to be dethroned. Yonder doth London's tower open her crimson gates wide for traitors; and the bloody axe, uplifted, impatiently awaits their coming. [*Enter BRADSHAWE.*] Ah, welcome, my valiant hero and friend, Bradshawe. Bradshawe, thy appointment is to be one of the hundred judges, hereafter to be nominated, to try King Charles for treachery, — for high treason against Parliament, and against the people of this realm. And you, Bradshawe, will preside over the court.

Bradshawe. But under the laws of England, my dear Cromwell, by what right can a king be tried? How can his majesty be thus assailed, who, by our great charter of rights, can do no wrong?

This, it appears to me, is an insurmountable barrier.
That kings can do no wrong, is a maxim.

It is the great primeval starting point to all governments, and all grades of governments. How then, O Cromwell, is this great obstacle, riveted as it is in the public mind, to be overcome?

Cromwell. Ah, my lord, granted, it may be, that a king — who is a king under the law, and in the eyes of a generous people — can do no wrong, and that this your principle, in all and every organization of governments, is sound, and is ever to be adhered to, — and should be carried out. I grant that the king, as well as every other leader, from the throne down through all the grades of government, even to the father of a family, are to stand honored and respected by their dependents as being powerless to do wrong.

A government instituted and sustained on this grand old principle will always stand and prosper; otherwise, by or through frenzy and faction, divided against itself, *it must fall*. Thus, my lord, I concede the principle. But allow me, in my own opinion, to declare that Charles the First, being opposed to Parliament and the people, for years has not been, and is not now king, save in proclamation and fictitious form.

Bradshawe. Well said, my lord. Yet Charles has the title of a king, wears the crown of a king, and still lives in the place of a king.

Cromwell. Hardly that, most noble lord. He has been a king, but through duplicity and deceit; he has made merchandise of all that is manly in himself, or profitable to the public. For all this, he is distracted, flying hither and thither for safety. His armies are divided, and his Parliament have severed themselves from his sovereignty, seeking to depose him. Surely a

conflict is portending. Rivers of blood will flow in upon us if Charles is suffered to live. Up, then, my lord, and let this great people bestir themselves.

[*Exit* CROMWELL. *Enter* DR. DRUG.

Bradshawe. Ah, my dear doctor, how fare you? How do these agitations in the commonwealth appear to ye?

Dr. Drug. They appear rash. I am opposed to all fanatics. Nay, I am opposed to all religions save that of the true church. By this soul of mine, I abominate, I hate the queen, in her Protestantism, who is an Austrian. On the contrary, I magnify Charles, the king, in the fervent faith of his sovereignty.

Bradshawe. True, but the factions with which government has to grapple are antagonistic, — they pervading England, Scotland, and Ireland, are numerous and strong. You, doctor, are a believer in the Church of England, another is an advocate for the Catholicism of Ireland, another would take sides with the Protestant dissenters of Scotland. Many hate the king, many the queen, and very many the Parliament; and many are the outspoken complaints against all these in the armies of which Cromwell is chief.

Dr. Drug. Thou speakest truth, my lord; but thou knowest it hath been revealed there is but one church, and that church, as I am prepared to prove, is this, our Church of England. This is in exact accordance with the doctrines of divine writ, and to the creed of the church.

[*Exit* DRUG. *Enter* MCPHERSON.

Bradshawe. How now, McPherson; what appearances have ye for peace? You, I am thinking, are reconciled to the royal house of Charles.

McPherson (Irish). And what is that, pray? A house, is it, that your holiness is speaking about? Ah, I see! and faith, and the king has no religion, not a bit of it. And I, meself, am a Catholic, and why should n't meself dislike the king?

Bradshawe. I was not inquiring for your faith, sir, but whether you and your race think favorably of the king?

McPherson. And what, indeed, does your lordship mean by that? A divil of a bit of favor do I ask of him. In all I've heerd of him he has proved himself a tyrant and a blackguard. He's indade a traitor, and, your holiness, I'm told he is about plotting against our holy Catholic faith, and the Virgin Mary.

Bradshawe. Yea, true it is; the crown is in trouble. Parliament is opposed to his majesty. War in Ireland, war in Scotland. The church, the Catholics, and the dissenters are all at loggerheads. *[Exit.*

[A sudden ringing of church bells is here heard, and the people, who have been dropping in to its door, now appear as if to fill the adjoining church.] *[Curtain.*

SCENE II. — *The inside of an old Church, with seats of three-legged stools.*

McPherson (alone). In this place, it would same to me, the Protestants are more than the church people. They assemble here. And true, it is the bishop is persistent; and here, too, there is a conflict. *[Enter JENNIE GEDDES.]* Who comes? Ah, 'tis Aunt Jennie! How fare ye? You still are adhering to your true Protestant faith. Indade, ye are, and ye are coming to church.

Jennie. Most assuredly. My faith never, never fail-eth. Although a martyr I may perish, I in truth dissent. A dissenter, I protest against the forms of a pretended, spurious holiness. The God we worship requires no idle outside show; no forms, no broad phylacteries. [*Enter MARGERY.*] But here is my sister in the faith. Come, Margery, let us enter the temple, for the hour hath come, and here will we worship in the beauty of holiness. Oh come, let us sing.

Singing in chorus.

Shout, shout, we 're gaining ground,
Satan's kingdom is coming down,
Halle — hallelujah!
Firm in faith to the cross we cling,
Up we 're moving on the wing,
Glory hallelujah.
Chorus. — Shout, etc.

Up to heaven our voices blend,
High aloft our prayers ascend,
Halle — Hallelujah.
Chorus. — Shout, we 're gaining ground,
Halle — hallelujah!
Satan's kingdom is tumbling down,
Glory hallelujah!

[*Music.*]

SCENE III. — *Same.* *Open church, low pulpit.*

Margery (rising up). It is commanded in our books of revealed truth as if to say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give ye rest." This is glorious; yet in all his gifts the Great Divine hath given to us all aspirations to advance and to labor in his great works.

[*Entered, the BISHOP ascending the pulpit, is kneeling. Soon then, book in hand, he begins to read a prayer, at which all rise, furiously exclaiming*]:

Ungodliness! ungodliness! 'Tis an abomination! Out upon all your forms and ceremonies! (*The priest seeking safety in flight, Jennie, seizing a stool, hurls it with a vengeance at his priestly head; all pursuing him, vociferously giving him battle, following, boosting him out of the window.*) [Curtain.

SCENE IV. — *Hamilton Court. Royal Palace.* KING CHARLES I. *soliloquizing.*

King. Herein there is much doubt, much dismay. These religions of the realm distract my senses. These church quarrels — so daring, so desperate, and so fatal — are not mine; not mine in the beginning; not mine in their conflicting augmentations. Yet the shafts of the conflict are all made to fall, aimed as they are, upon my own head. Treason still lurks in the armies of the Crown, with factious notions and religious frenzies; taking wings, they, like a pestilence, fill the air.

[*Enter MCPHERSON.*

McPherson. Tidings, tidings, your Majesty. The great Parliament hath voted and have taken away yr Majesty's prerogatives. Indade, the Lords and the Commons have all become rebels. And by faith, and the Earl of Essex has been made their chief officer, threatening the Crown, and making war in the midst of your Majesty's forces.

King. Traitors they live! Traitors they'll die, full of treason. To arms, to arms, will I call all my loyal subjects. At Leicester, at Naseby, at Winchester, at

Marston Moor, at New Castle, I'll give that Parliament battle. Meanwhile, London shall be fortified.

McPherson. But be assured there is danger to the throne. Cromwell (and faith he distrusts ye) reigns. Flee for your life, away. The deceptive subterfuges of past years, vacillating doth betray thee! Thy foes concentrate to torment thee; and faith, ye may well believe, ye'd better fly. *[Exit.*

[Thence out goes the KING, attended by JOHN BERKLEY, ASHBURNHAM, and LEGGE, lurking about in disguise concealing himself — and thence he flies to the Isle of Wight and Hammond, where afterwards Cromwell's officers take and imprison him in Carisbroke Castle.]

[Music.]

SCENE V. — *An army tent with a military court. The KING secured elsewhere. Enter CROMWELL and PRESIDENT OF COURT.*

Cromwell. Gentlemen, Officers. Understanding a disaffection exists in the army, Ireton and Fleetwood, my generals, were delegated of the Long Parliament to inquire into the cause of impending disorders.

President of the Court. General, we have deliberated upon that matter, and find the soldiers, in the main, to be the authors of their own discontents, fomented only by a distracted Parliament and the duplicity of a king.

Cromwell. Then let five hundred horsemen move upon the King, under the command of Joice. *(Here breaks in from without a shrill sound of trumpets.)*

[Martial Music.]

SCENE VI. — *A Prison, and KING CHARLES I. within it.*

King. Here am I, a king in bonds ; a king who can do no wrong ; a king not knowing for what cause nor by what laws I am thus incarcerated.

[*Enter JOICE, pistol in hand, with a platoon of soldiers.*

Joice (*pointing directly to the King*). Forward !

King. Whither ?

Joice. To the army.

King. By what warrant ?

Joice. (*Silent, but pointing back to his soldiers*).

King (*smiling*). Your warrant is writ in fair characters, legible without spelling. (*At sound of horn and trumpet they move away.*) [Curtain. *Music.*

SCENE VII. — *Army tent again. Present Cromwell ; and Bradshawe in scarlet.*

Cromwell. How is this, Bradshawe ? What is your opinion ? The King stood in the way of the Long Parliament, and now the King is secure. The Long Parliament stands in the way of the people and of the armies of this realm. The King being at our disposal, what next shall be done with the Long Parliament, whose deadly usurpations are proving fatal to England's peace and prosperity.

Bradshawe. This Parliament hath made the power of the King a nullity. That body has no power of itself, and there is none left in the King, if we had one. Hence, if we had a king he would be a king without power, and Parliament is powerless without any consent of the people or of England's armies.

Cromwell. Up, then ! Let the ringleaders in the

army now plotting against my orders be instantly tried and shot. Let Charles be dethroned, — beheaded if need be, — and let the House of Commons, now usurpers without right or power, be dissolved; and let this government once again return to its wonted authority and prosperity. But Bradshawe, take care in the meantime; it is our own counsels we are to keep. [*Enter PRIDE.*] Ah, here is Pride, my gallant general officer of the army. Pride, take two regiments of infantry, choice soldiers. March forth, surround the House of Commons; seize and imprison the Presbyterians; exclude all others. Allow none to enter but the Independents, my council of officers well disposed and determined, and let that House be purged of its poisons. [*Trumpets sound without.*] [*Exit. Curtain.*]

SCENE VIII. — *King's Quarters. Present members of his family (Scotland). Enter Joice and soldiers.*

Joice. I have to announce to your Majesty that the government has declared it to be treason in the king that he hath levied war against the parliament of the people.

King (aside to his attendants). But how, and by what law, can any such decree be executed? since a sovereign, in law, can do no wrong.

Joice. I understand this to be a movement of the people, upon the ground, assumed, that the people are the origin of all just and legal power. Hence the Commons have voted and declared that they are the representatives of the people; and that their enactments have, in this regard, the force of law, without the consent of king or peers.

King (aside). I am to understand from this, assassination is intended. But, Colonel, what is the intent of your mission?

Joice. I am commissioned to conduct your majesty to London.

King. Colonel, what I demand, is your warrant.

Joice. The warrant is in writing (*producing the paper*). The offence of levying war against Parliament is herein charged against your Majesty; and a high court, of one hundred and thirty judges, has been constituted to sit at your Majesty's trial. Hence you will prepare, as I must now advance with your Majesty to Westminster Hall. (*The King here seizes and embraces his little son [the Duke of Gloucester, nine years of age]; next his young daughter [the Princess Elizabeth, then thirteen years of age] falls upon his neck, embracing him; and then the cold embrace of an unfaithful wife; and then the King steps to his place between the files of soldiers.*)

Joice. Forward! For Westminster.

Soldiers (exclaiming simultaneously). Justice! Justice!

King. Poor souls! For a little money they would do as much against their commanders.

[*Exeunt, with martial music and trumpets in the distance.*]

[*Music.*]

SCENE IX. — *Same.* Present McPHERSON. Enter Messenger.

Messenger. I would see the queen. I am told to announce to her that the Grand Court of England is in session on the trial for treason of King Charles.

McPherson. And faith, and the queen cannot now be

seen, not at all, at all. She is at her love-feast, in the east room, with an intimate lord. And sure it would be bad luck to meself to interrupt the quane in the least bit of a mite, at all.

Messenger. But my message would be of great interest to her.

McPherson. No, and be faith, but do ye think that your message is better than Lord Lovewell's business? Not at all, at all.

Messenger. But tell her I have a message from her liege lord, King Charles. And haste! 'Tis the king's business.

McPherson. Haste! Do ye mean to insult me? And faith, there's nobody's business that requires more haste than Lord Lovewell's. And I'll not interrupt the quane with her lord, not at all, at all; and ye must wait.

Messenger. If not the queen, then may I be permitted to the presence of Princess Elizabeth, and the young duke.

McPherson. Oh, yes; they are the true son and daughter of King Charles. Indade how he hath loved um! The young duke is the exact image of his dear father. (*A slide opens to them.*) You shall see them. (*Introducing them.*) This is the princess. [*Exit.*

Messenger. Dear Princess, I am here to announce to your mother the queen, and to yourselves, the sad intelligence that his Majesty is now being tried by the High Court for treason, the court having long been in session. (*Princess bringing her kerchief to her tears.*)

Princess. What, sir, hath agitated this? Who is it, that seeks the life of my dear, dear father, the King of

England? How could he be guilty of a wrong? By what right does such an accusation come? Whence, oh whence, these threatenings of death, which are to make me an orphan? Leave me alone (*weeping*), leave me alone! alone! alone!

Messenger. Weep not, my fair princess. This perturbation must be of but short duration. It cometh like a tidal wave. 'Tis a movement of the people, and may soon, like the ocean tide, set backward. This trial, the populace have willed it, and thus it happens.

Young Duke. But what had my dear father done to provoke the people?

Messenger. He is charged of having levied war against Parliament, and 'tis for this treason he is being tried for his life. And from him I've come, making the announcement of his dread danger.

Young Duke. My dear father being tried for his life, do you say, sir? Do armed soldiers stand around him? Will they lock him up in a dungeon of the Tower? Oh dear, dear! Will they kill him with the bloody axe?

Messenger. Oh, no; he is being tried at Westminster Hall. 'Tis not at the Tower.

Princess. Tell me, oh tell me, that I may know, for what is the trial had? What, oh what, has my father done, that they in anger should seek his blood (*weeping, and embracing him*)?

Young Duke (standing up ambitiously). War, war we'll have! I'll go with you. I'll levy war upon Parliament! I'll defend, I'll defend the crown. I'll smite the enemies of my dear old father. Away! away! I'll go with thee. Let us go.

Messenger. Ah, vain youth, thou art ambitious, but

thou art powerless now. Yet the time may come when thou mayest be a king thyself.

Princess. Stay, my dear young brother. Thou art a duke. Stay, thy life here is now safe, but how long my poor head, or thine own dear life, shall be safe after my own dear, dear father is murdered, we know not. Stay, and let us take counsel of our seniors. But, oh where is my dear mother? Thrice called, but does not come. Alas! alas!

Messenger. Ah! Obviously her love is not royal, but lordly. Give her the message. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit. Enter McPHERSON.*

McPherson. And faith, and they have taken the King away from the trial, and they are about going away to murder him at the street of White Hall. Miserable blackguards! Bad luck to um! Bad luck to the murderers, to ivery mother's son of um. But I must keep safe this ould castle, or me own head will come off. Ah, list! what is that? (*Sound of trumpets and martial music without.*) And faith it is now the time they are after about murdering the King himself, bad luck to the bloody blackguards!

[*A dirge.*]

[*Curtain rises, unveiling as in tableau the death scene of the King on the scaffold in the street, attended by the executioner masked, priest and others, and Bradshawe in costume of scarlet, dirge still being played.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Cromwell at the door of Parliament.*

Cromwell. This Parliament is jealous of my power, and now that Charles is dead, it is fit that the soldiery should have a care for the people, and for Parliament in behalf of the people. [*Enter WHITE in uniform, followed by soldiers.*] White, come forth with your infantry; place soldiers at the door; one hundred men in the lobby, and one hundred on the stairway, and I will enter and will proclaim to them of their tyranny and oppression as vile usurpers. [*CROMWELL passes in.*

Lesley, alias Dr. Drug. Shame on that Cromwell, — that Agag, that tyrant in superstition and knavery. The Lord has hid his face from Jacob, only for awhile. Out upon Cromwell! Drive him away! Drive him away! As he hath intended to embark for the new world, drive him away. Send him seaward. [*Curtain.*

[*Enter WHITE, as the curtain rising discloses the entrance to Parliament.*]

White. What seek ye here?

A Member. We are seeking the Lord.

White. What? In Parliament, seeking the Lord?

Member. Yes.

White. Well then, then you may go. The Lord has n't been here for years. [*MEMBER passes out.*

Lesley. But why should we be deposed? We are the true Parliament chosen by the people.

White. I too am chosen by the people, the Almighty God, and Oliver Cromwell. Thou art among those that stand condemned of the people as being hypocrites, perjurers, and tyrants and devils. Depart then from these walls, and make room, yielding to the sovereign will of this nation, and to the will of God himself, and of Cromwell, the great defender of this realm. Depart.

Lesley. Well, then, it is might that makes this movement right. We vacate at the will of Oliver Cromwell, and Parliament is dissolved. (*All, rising, driven by Cromwell (within), are beginning to press out of the door.*)

[*Curtain. Music.*]

SCENE II. — *A mansion.*

Richard (son of Cromwell, alone). The long seven years of the Commonwealth are now nearly passed. Short and tardy its months have seemed to me, — a dream. It is not strange, however, that intervening conflicts and cares, which have oft afflicted the Commonwealth, should seemingly accelerate time in its flight. Yet have we, in the meantime, been blessed with congratulations from the army, from the naval fleets, and from the many and vast corporations of the Realm, and from all the congregations of the saints. Thence hath the nation been made glad in peace, in better manners, and in its progressions. And thus Cromwell, my venerable father, hath crowned his Commonwealth to a saving success. But the years of his servitude as Protector of England are hanging heavily upon him. [*Enter DR. DRUG.*] Good morrow, Dr.

Drug. I have just been contemplating, as in a review of the past, the progress of this, our Christian Commonwealth, in its duration of nearly seven years. How do you prosper, sir?

Dr. Drug. Prosper! Not a bit of it. How can a subject prosper when he can have no faith in his government. No confidence in a Commonwealth or a Cromwell, though it may be treason to proclaim it. I am outspoken. True, in me own belief, if you would have permanent peace and prosperity, the government must be restored to a kingdom.

Richard. But you had a kingdom; yet it divided itself into direst distractions, and it fell from its own infirmities. It was sick, it was sinking, and there was no hope for mortals within it, but in a Commonwealth and a Cromwell.

Dr. Drug. True! but if I'd had me own will in those years of horror, I would have hanged the Dissenters, every mother's son of um, and would have given the crown to sweet Ireland. And then, indade, it would have been bad luck to the English snobs, owners of the sile. [*Exit RICHARD. Enter JENNIE GEDDES.*] Ah, Jennie, it is you. Come in. We hail you as friendly to the Holy Catholic faith, and as against Cromwell and his adherents.

Jennie. Oh, no! I still maintain my own true worship. I am neither Catholic, Episcopal, Quaker, or Protestant. My faith is in the God of Israel; mine the religion of old Scotia. An Independent, my cares are for my kindred, my prayers outspoken are unwritten, and my hope is in Heaven and Oliver Cromwell. (*And she sings*) —

Shout! shout! we're a-gaining ground, —
 Halle - halle - lujah!
 Satan's kingdom is tumbling down, —
 Glory hallelujah!

Dr. Drug. Indade, Jennie, you are too gay for comfort. I take thee as thou art, an Independent. But soon shall ye see Cromwell's administration as Supreme Protector of England ended. In case of his demise it will terminate with his life. I have dreams of it. But come now, Jennie, as you are in the mood of it, inspire us, yes, elate us, with another song.

Jennie (singing in the same strain) —

Shout! Shout! we're a-gaining ground, —
 Halle-halle-lujah!
 The Devil's kingdom is coming down, —
 Glory hallelujah!

* * * * *

SCENE III. — *Cromwell alone, at his headquarters, his locks gray, his armor, his sword, pistols by his side, and guards at the door.*

Cromwell (lights half extinguished). The seven years of government, loading these locks of mine with frosts of winter, have vanished, vanished; as if we had all, meanwhile, been slumbering. Time, with its multifarious happenings, hath imperceptibly advanced, as if the mind had been entranced in a dream. This is indeed a dreary night. My government is liable to accidents. Fanaticisms compass me about. Treachery tries to mislead and betray me. Not long do I sleep in a place. I return not on the same road. I trust no stranger. A strong armor adheres to this frail body of mine. Vigilant guards, attentive daily and nightly, are

the insurers of life. [*Enter* MRS. CLAYPOLE.] Who comes? Ah, it is my dear, dear daughter (*she flies to him, embracing him*). Daughter, why are you here, at this late hour?

Mrs. Claypole. Ah, my dear father, I have come to beseech your clemency, that you may spare the life of my dear friend, Dr. Huet.

Cromwell. Oh, how common to those who are most dear to distract me with vain behests! I am surrounded with spies, eager for the overthrow of my government. On my mandates, and the sure penalties of violated law, the peace and well-being of three kingdoms depend. The treachery of one man unpunished, though he be thy friend, may effect the downfall of all. Nay, the continuation of the life of thy friend might cause the loss of mine and thine. Be assured, dear daughter, I am the Protector of this realm, never to sanction an unjust penalty, forever meditating the greatest good to the greatest number. Every consideration has to yield to that end. That your father, as Protector of England, should act from his own sympathy, as it moves him, or from thine, is but impossible.

Mrs. Claypole. Then I fear the court's decree will be executed; and hence that your dear daughter, now in declining health, will perish also. Dear father, adieu.

Cromwell. Adieu! and may God bless you. Ah, [*Enter* MRS. FLEETWOOD, *embracing him*], another daughter!

Mrs. Fleetwood. Father, sad it is to me to find you melancholy. It is meet that the sovereign of a great realm should be cheerful.

Cromwell. But how, my dear, can this heart of mine, incased with an iron shield, be cheerful? In the midst of tyrants and assassins, in the midst of conflicts, in the midst of dynasties, royal, clerical, and layical, in the midst of multifarious combinations and cruel conspiracies, all tending to distraction and disorganization, who that has a heart of humanity can be cheerful? Nay, dear daughter, ask cheerfulness from the gates of death, not from thy father, whose right arm, for seven years, through much blood, from necessity, hath held these three kingdoms, amid the wild infatuation of the times, from impending ruin.

Mrs. Fleetwood. Would it not be more practical, and easier to be administered, were you to give your government a republican form?

Cromwell. Indeed, that would be well; but as yet this people are in no way prepared for such a government.

Mrs. Fleetwood. From this, the many crushing cares that prey upon and burden you are apparent. I know thee to be burdened as man never before was burdened. But what most alarms us, making me sad, dear father, is the appearance of this fever which now afflicts you.

Cromwell. Be not disturbed. I have communed with Heaven; I am not to die of any threatened fever. The world needs me longer. I, however, must retire, and take my rest.

[*Exit. Enter* NAYLOR.

Naylor. Dost thou know Cromwell, the Protector.

Mrs. Fleetwood. Know him? yes, indeed, I do know him. He is within.

Naylor. Canst thee allow me to see him?

Mrs. Fleetwood. No. He has retired, and is quite ill, dangerously, I fear.

Naylor. But thou shouldst know I have a mission, having been transformed to become the Saviour of the world.

Mrs. Fleetwood. Yes, I've heard of you, and I have heard of another Quaker, who, while fasting his forty days, bravely starved to death. What if you were to go and do likewise?

Naylor. By my divine mission, I have come to this city, in haste, upon a horse, and have authority to heal the sick and to cast out devils.

Mrs. Fleetwood. Why did you come on a horse? could n't ye find an ass? One sick would not choose to be healed by any of your faith. As to devils, they were all cast out when Parliament was dissolved.

Naylor. "Thou hast said it." Thou hast a father; a Protector, as we all know. But you will understand there is no protector but Him whom we serve; and by my mission I am to reign in this realm, — and rule too.
[*Enter Guards.*]

Mrs. Fleetwood. Guards, take this Quaker away, out from my presence. Let him be cared for according to his deserts. (*The Guards, seizing the Quaker, in their haste pitch him out headlong.*) Oh, that is too cruel! But Quakers, with other frenzied fanatics, have long been offensive enemies to our peace. Poor, deluded mortals! They are good men, but they serve, with others, to foment discord. They know not what they do. (*A tea-bell rings.*) Ah, I must return to my sick father. Fearful forebodings move me.

[*A Dirge.*]

SCENE IV. — *In a Palace. Peters alone.*

Peters. News that the great Cromwell hath expired is startling! England will never see his like again. [*Enter RICHARD.*] Oh, my friend, what now?

Richard. Now that my dear father is no more, his sceptre inevitably must fall upon someone. The people will tender it to me, but I conceive that the burden of a Protector's power would prove too heavy for an untutored son. I would decline it. The affairs of state would oppress any sovereign other than Cromwell himself.

Peters. Yes, Richard, sure it is, the office of Protector hath descended to thee. Disdain not this mantle of thy father, the great, the humane peacemaker of nationalities. For the sake of these islands, these ancient kingdoms, refuse not this sovereign power.

Richard. The position is hazardous. Who is sufficient for it?

Peters. Richard, the power of Protector must now fall upon thee. Disdain it not. For the sake of peace, for the sake of the prosperity of a vast people; nay, for the safety of my life as well as of thine, refuse it not.

Richard. Ah! There's danger on either hand. The position without the force would be hazardous. Show me the man that hath in him the force of Oliver Cromwell, — I will then vacate, and upon him shall the mantle fall.

Peters. Nay, I tell thee, my dear Richard, say it not. Do not thus jeopardize this, the Protection of England, in the opening of an avenue to fanaticisms and religious frenzies, as of old. For the sake of the people's

government, for the sake of the enduring fame of thy sainted father, the Cromwell of England and of the world ; nay, for the sake of the lives of his adherents and thine, who in the dark hour of England's history, have stood up manfully against distracting tyranny at the mandates of thy valiant, sainted father, refuse not this sceptre of power. It descends from thine own father. For the peace of the realm, for his sake, and for the sake of our lives, resign not this thy position.

Richard. Of all this matter I must consider. Why should n't a man prefer the independence of a man, to the honors and dishonors of a throne? Strange as it may seem, I must say, give me a manly independence, rather than a priestly, princely power, in the midst of heartless, distracted factions. Beyond this, naught but the lives of my father's friends and the peace of this Commonwealth can move me. Spare me then, and let me consider. *[Exit.*

[Enter DR. DRUG, followed by a MESSENGER.

Messenger. Great news, Doctor ; great news. The air is full of it !

Dr. Drug. Ah, yes ; and we are always alive to hear it. News in startling times is always in order, always sought for eagerly. It never pines for the want of listeners. Yesternight it happened, a man as he came running down town, stopped to take and read the news ; and he read as how Cromwell had died of the pills they had given him ; and as how Richard, his son, had inherited his mantle ; and as how, on the other hand, Scotland and the royal factions are making many proclamations for Charles Stuart to be enthroned as king. And thus had the man read the news a long

time, then, pondering, he threw down the newspaper exclaiming, "Oh, I must hasten away to Dr. Drug, for my wife is dying."

Messenger. Your patients, Doctor, so fond of the news, must give you much entertainment.

Dr. Drug. Yes, indeed, I am entertained by a variety of characters and by a complication of troublesome diseases. *[Enter MARGERY, Irish.*

Margery. Dear, dear Doctor. I desire you at my house in a hurry.

Dr. Drug (dropping his newspaper). Why, what is the matter, madam? What is the matter?

Margery. Ah, ye reverence, wait a little, and I'll tell ye. Yesterday my ould man, in hurrying down Fleet Street, by accident run against a lawyer, and in trouth, I say it, he has n't been able to spake a word of trouth since? Indade and indade, it is so.

Dr. Drug. It is a bad disease, madam, very bad. But, madam, what lawyer did he run against?

Margery. Indade, indade; it was against that ould baste of a barrister, Ould Grimstone.

Dr. Drug. What? Sir Harbottle Grimstone? Why, it's that same old barrister candidate, lawyer of the Crown.

Margery. And faith, it's that very same ould brute of a blackguard, Sir Harbottle.

Dr. Drug. Well, then, if your man has run against Old Harbottle, I guess, I guess he'll die. It's a hard case, a hard case, madam, anyhow.

Margery. Then make haste, Doctor. Hurry up, and come to me at me own house.

Dr. Drug. I can't, madam. At this moment I have

another engagement to another patient a mile away, and I must make haste to be there.

Margery. Then, your worship, please be about prescribing for me ould man, that I, before ye get there, may be about releaving him meself.

Dr. Drug. Well, the case is a bad one. The venomous jostle of a lawyer is dangerous. Go to the apothecary, get and give to your old man, first, a full dose of calomel, to be followed up by five doses of physic to get the lies out of him. Next, bathe him all over externally with the tincture of obedeldock, and at the same time give him internally forty grains of truthfulness, and when I come to ye I will blister him and bleed, then I 'll bleed him until he is cured.

Margery. Yes, faith, and true enough, you 'll *blade* the ould man. — Yes, you 'll *blade* him. [*Exit. Music.*]

SCENE V. — *A parlor.* HARRISON, SCOT, CAREW, CLEMENT, JONES, SCROPE, AXTEL, HACKER, and COKE, *the Regicides, under excitement.*

Harrison. What means this, that Richard should have faltered? Why should he have distrusted the strength of this Commonwealth or of his own Protectorship? Strange that a son should thus lose faith in his father's fame or in his own power; strange that any man should thus falter, and turn back from the faith and leadership of Oliver Cromwell.

Jones. Ah, Richard is but a blank, a blank. He is not a true son of his valiant old father, under whom Great Britain has survived the shock of fanatic contending factions, and for these seven years has lived and prospered. [*Enter PETERS.*]

Peters. Faith, I am glad to see you all; all as yet alive. They charge that I, as a clergyman, have stirred sedition against King Charles I., and that your decrees in the great court lost him his life. What now shall be done? Cromwell is dead; Richard, his son, lives, but, half-disheartened, preferring the life of a wild hunter to that of the great Protector of England. Charles II. is now enthroned. What now is to become of me, and what of you, who sat in judgment against his father, King Charles I., whom you beheaded, and against whom I traversed this realm, warning the populace to beware of his treacherous mandates.

Jones. What, then, if as regicides our heads are at stake, what shall be done? Shall we brave the seas? Shall we fly away for the New World, as Goffe and Whalley and Dixwell have done? Or shall we retract, turn royalists, confess, and sue for pardon?

Harrison Ask pardon for what? Ask pardon? For what? For love of life? Ask pardon for patriotism? No, never. Neither principalities, nor powers, nor the wild threatenings of death by the Crown shall induce me to retract from Cromwell's cause, which was a glorious cause, the cause of the people and the cause of God.

Jones, Yet there are invitations. The royal arm of mercy is extended upon the terms of a recantation, as if the beheading of the king had been a crime, and requiring of us obedient homage to his son, now proclaimed King of England. Shall we yield, or shall we try to fly?

Peters. No! Never, never. "Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite. Charles II. is a hypocrite of another

sort, and ought to die upon the same scaffold." * Re-tract? Never from the freedom of Cromwell; never from the just cause of England and of our God. Never, never.

[*Enter the KING'S OFFICER and posse, with warrant in hand against the regicides.*]

King's Officer. The regicides are all wanted. There is my warrant from King Charles II. Answer as I call (*calling and each answering*): Hugh Peters — (Here), — Harrison — (Here), — Scott — (Here), — Carew — (Here), — Clement — (Here), — Jones — (Here), — Scrope — (Here), Extel — (Here), — Colonel Hacker — (Here), — Coke — (Here), — William Goffe — (No answer), — Whalley — (No answer), — Dixwell — (*A voice from without, Absent, they desire to be excused*).

Harrison. Judges Goffe and Whalley and Dixwell are away on the high seas for New England. They have no care of seeing ye at all.

King's Officer. Forward, now, for the King's presence at Whitehall. [*They advance between the files of soldiers.*]

[*Dirge.*]

* Junius Letters.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *On a seashore in New England, walking, and near an open cot, which they enter.*

Whalley. Goffe, this is indeed a new world. The ship and the ocean wave have well served us. Away we are, from royal tyrants. In vain, in vain, they sought our lives.

Goffe. Yes, but the emissaries of that tyrant king will come here; hither they will still pursue us. And now where shall we seek an abode? Where shall we find a place of rest, in which to secrete ourselves from a royal enemy, — an enemy whose minions shall lurk along these woodland shores seeking blood.

Whalley. Some dark cave or cellar in some lonely hamlet will best serve to secrete us. Our associates, the judges who helped to behead King Charles of England, are now about to fall beneath the bloody axe. Perish, as of course they must, at the cruel behest of royalty. Fortunate, thus far, that we have escaped. Nevertheless, a foreign foe, pursuing us, does now, and henceforth must needs linger along the pathways of this wilderness.

Goffe. True. And if taken, we will be hastened back over the high seas, to be mangled, murdered there; to perish as vanquished victims of Charles II., that



THE GRAVE OF A SAGAMORE.

blood-stained successor of the great and glorious Cromwell.

Whalley. Take courage! This new world, with its lofty old forests and lonely hamlets, has many hiding-places. Its wandering tribes, without knowledge, will be no tell-tales. But these walls are too public. They seem to echo ominous sounds, which may betray us.

[*Enter NIMROD.*

Nimrod. A ship, a ship is nearing the shore. It bears to the breeze the British flag. In truth, at its masthead flaunts the new and significant name, Charles II., King of England. [Exit.

Goffe (privately). List, Whalley, list! There's danger on board there. An enemy, an officer of the Crown, seeking us. Away! away! Which way shall we fly?

[*They start.*

[*Music.*]

(*Sailors from on board, and from without, Ship ahoy! ahoy! Throw in the cables, oho-o! pull away, oho! oho!*)

SCENE II. — *Present Mrs. Whitterwinkle and a sailor. Enter Aysene, the King's Constable, with an assistant.*

King's Constable. Madam, please inform me if hereabouts you have seen two Englishmen, well dressed, and of respectable appearance.

Whitterwinkle. What, one of them a tall, long and white-haired ould gintleman, with long beard?

King's Constable. Yes.

Whitterwinkle. And the other a thick-set, dark-skinned old man, with long mustache, with white hair, and white whiskers?

King's Constable. Yes.

Whitterwinkle. Well, I haven't seen any such men.
(*Officer starts to leave.*)

Nimrod. Here, yer reverence, come back! Look ahere! Do ye want to know the whereabouts of them there Englishmen?

King's Constable. Yes.

Nimrod. Well, away down the road, yonder, as you know, there's a bit of a woodpile.

King's Constable. Yes.

Nimrod. And jist beyond the woodpile there's an old garrison-house.

King's Constable. Yes.

Nimrod. And jist beyond the garrison-house there's a bit of an ould shed.

King's Constable. Well—yes. What then?

Nimrod. And, plaise yer worship, I've been there. Yer Regicides ain't there; they are not there, not at all at all.

King's Constable. And why didn't ye tell me that before?

Nimrod. And faith, and why were ye not after asking me that?

King's Constable. The men whom I seek are in cocked-hats.

Nimrod. Cocked-hats? And faith, and I don't believe ye'll find one of um in all Ameriky. Indade, ye'll have to budge back to the ould country to find "a cocked hat." And I am far from thinking ye are here for any good. Blast me, if I think ye'll find anybody that will claim to see ye at all anywhere hereabouts.

[*Exit KING'S OFFICER. Enter MARGERY.*]

Margery. Now that the ould bright-buttoned bugs are

gone, please say, what do ye think he wants of them men?

Nimrod. Wants? faith, and he wants them for nothing at all, at all, but to carry um back to the ould world and to murther um. - They were honest judges; did right. And bad luck to the blackguards that's now here, after seeking their blood.

Margery. Well, they needn't come here to New England thinking they are going to carry away those noble, venerable judges. If the king's officer comes here again, I'll show him the butt eend of a broomstick. Out from my brass kettle I'll give him a dashing dose from a ladle of hot water. He may be permitted to rest his carcass 'neath some rude wigwam, for a while, but not long inside of mine, I'll tell him.

Nimrod. Rumors have come, there's to be a grand council of war by the tribes in this wilderness. Fears we have, they are meditating a conflict with our feeble English settlements. A fugitive Indian, from a wigwam not far away, brings this news. Ah, here he comes, with an attendant.

[*Enter KIANEMO, with LEONORA, the squaw sachem of Wachusett, at his arm.*]

Kianemo. Lady squaw, me glad to meet you agin. Long away have I been. Have hunting-grounds in island, yonder, down behind big mountain. Rivers there,—bright, far-spread-out lakes. Good hunting; big bears and beavers there. Trout, shad, salmon there. Me get good living; me be happy, had you there.

Leonora (squaw sachem). Oh, me no go. Me have much land, mine. Oh, na, na, nah.

Kianemo. True ; but not so much good fishing, not such good hunting-ground. And ye be most alone, and me be alone, too, down there.

Leonora. Me have good hunting-ground, fishing enough. Me raise corn and beans, and gather clams at seashore.

Kianemo. Say, Leonora, will ye not be my squaw, me would go or stay ? Me would build new wigwam ; me hunt, me fish. Me would go or stay.

Leonora. Ah ! nah ! nah ! Ye no brave at all. You be squaw. Ye never took a scalp, never killed a coon, no grizzly bear, never robbed an Englishmen, nor stole a pig, ye no kill a man. Nah ! nah ! Ye no brave ; ye be nothing but a woman. I 'll no marry ye at all.

[*Exit KIANEMO. Enter OFFICER.*

Officer. I want Kianemo ; have a warrant against him, that I may have him before the great council of the tribes on the charge of having murdered a creole. Where is he ?

Leonora. Me don't know ; been here ; gone now. What murder ? What big wrongs have he done ?

Officer. Wrongs ? Why, in these papers he is charged of murdering an Englishman, and of robbing a chief of the tribes. I want his body, that I may have him before a jury, formed of the council of the English and Mohegans, now in session.

Kianemo (*entering from behind a screen, now standing forth, exclaims*) : Is it Kianemo's life you seek ? I am Kianemo. I am at your call. If the taking from the wigwam what was mine own be robbery, then Kianemo is a robber. If the slaughter of an Englishman who is trying to slay me is murder, then Kianemo is a

murderer. I am Kianemo. Take me; I am ready for the trial. Adieu, Leonora, adieu. (*Leonora embracing him.*) Let me go, Leonora. Me will meet um.

Leonora. Go, Kianemo, go try um. Me with you. Yea, I will be thine. (*Officer forcing him away.*) Thine, Kianemo, thine (*holding up both hands*).

[*Music.*]

SCENE III. — *A hamlet and log church. Present Leonora and sailor.*

Nimrod. Leonora, what luck? and faith and what are they being about doing with Kianemo, ye brave, yr sweetheart, ha! ha! ha!

Leonora. Me know not. Court refused me a place there. Great cowards, they. No decent; mean. They hold up tomahawk and hatchet gainst me. They push me out.

Nimrod. What, Leonora, did Kianemo do?

Leonora. He say, Ha! he only stole a turkey gobbler, and murdered an Englishman.

Nimrod. Is that all? Then, and faith and by the howly St. Patrick, they can never harm a hair of his head. For he niver would steal a gobbler unless he were hungry, and as to a bloody Englishman everybody knows he ought to be killed. Fear not, Leonora, your brave Kianemo will be acquitted, and will again come back to ye. Ah! here's a stranger.

[*Enter GOFFE, cautiously.*]

Goffe. Be not disturbed, my friend. I merely desire to inquire of you the way to Hadley, a small hamlet not far away from here.

Nimrod. Indade, it's not far away, and faith, I would

be pleased to go and show ye to it (*going and pointing the way*). Turn there to the right, and sure ye'll be right strait going to it.

Leonora. Nimrod, who is that old man? He be a judge, me think.

Nimrod. Whiste! whiste, I say! Betray him not. And, sure, he is a judge. He's one of the Regicides. Coy he is. He keeps well aloof from the king's officer. Whiste! say nothing. 'T would be bad luck to ye to betray him.

Leonora. Good! good! He be a brave, save him. Me hate the king. He much tyrant, much bloody.

Nimrod. Not a soul of us here are loyal to the king. Tyrants have no place in this, our howly New England. The king is the beast of a tyrant, and the son of a tyrant. Our settlers are more loyal to the great Cromwell, now dead, than to that beast of a king. Charles is a royal blackguard, and he's about beheading every honest judge he can catch. This man Goffe and his companions are threatened of the king's axe. Being pursued here, they hide away, seeking concealment. They are at Hadley; but hould on, don't ye tell it.

Leonora. The Regicides be brave. Me friendly to um, but no friendly to the king. Friendly Indians all friendly to Regicides. But Philip's tribes, hostile, would kill um all. [*Enter SAGAMORE SAM.*] Here comes Sam. Come in. What news, Sam? What news do ye bring from the trial of Kianemo?

Sam. Jury good. They no find Kianemo guilty. He'll get away; Englishmen mad. They'll try to shoot him (*looking out in the distance*). Ah, he runs! he runs (*holding up hands*).



GREENWOOD GROVE,

[*Guns are exploding, blazing without at Kianemo, as he leaps away back of the screen, and Leonora, with both hands uplifted, is on tiptoe in ecstasy.*]

SCENE IV. — *Near a log church in Hadley.*

Leonora (singing): —

Kianemo is brave, Kianemo is free,
Kianemo is mine forever to be;
He will find me again in the wild shady grove,
And again will I greet him in the glories of love.

[*Enter NIMROD, listening.*

Oh, the brave man, how noble in action of heart,
When from truth and the right he doth never depart,
When in faith and with vengeance he battles the wrong,
In the transports of loveliness equally strong.

Kianemo is brave, Kianemo is free,
Kianemo is mine forever to be;
He will find me again in the wild shady grove,
And again will I greet him in the glories of love.

Sam. Me right glad, Leonora, to find ye so happy. Me rejoice that Kianemo get away. But I've now been hearing much, much of war, — how Philip, our king, everywhere is burning down cots in the settlements, and murdering the English. This day morning Deerfield was destroyed, and soon they'll be breaking in somewhere else. See there (*pointing his finger*), Puritans have to carry their guns to their church.

[*Armed men, with women and children, are passing, one by one, into the door of it.*]

Leonora. You, Nimrod, be peaceful. You no do anything against the English. Ye would no help Philip, and ye would not betray that dear old judge, the Regicide. He be hid, me guess, about here somewhere.

Concealed, he be safe, me hope. Whether in some cabin or in some old cave me know not. But heed ye! he must not be betrayed.

Sam. Oh, na, na! me no betray him. He good old friend. This be Hadley's day of fasting, from fear of Philip's tribes. His warriors not far away now.

Leonora. But what if they should break in upon us now? We are in peace with the English settlers, and if they come to conquer us, what should we do?

Sam. Oh, then me run. Me hide away. You, being squaw sachem, they no hurt you. Ah! there, they've come. (*A cry without, "Fire! fire!" and a rush is made; and without an Indian war-whoop is heard, with a great noise.*)

All. Wo-ach! wo-ach! ha, ha, ha! Wo-ach! wo-ach! ha, ha, ha! Wo-ach! oh! wo-ach! (*As they near the church, skulking hither and thither, the church people turn upon them, advancing with loud explosions of shotguns, and with vociferous imprecations, when Goffe, emerging from a cabin cellar, takes to the lead of the Puritans.*)

Leonora. Oh, they'll kill us! they'll burn us!

[*Screaming, she dashes beyond the screen.*]

Goffe (*seen without, in his white locks, being heard within*). Villagers, move forward! follow me! (*and with repeated discharges of musketry and pistols, and with great noise of men and women, the tribes are driven out of sight, with repeated shouts of "Shoot um! drive the devilish murderers! drive um into the sea! Drive um where the devil drove the hogs"*).

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE V. — *Same. Villagers returned and returning from the fight.*

Old Israel. Well, the scamps did n't do as they meant to do. My ould firelock blazed well. She didn't miss fire. I levelled upon um, and zounds! how they did heel it.

Sam. Yes, faith, and sich a getting down-stairs as they leaped away adown that ledge, head foremost; and away they went, piled up —

Tim. One of um dropped a tomahawk, another a scalping-knife, another a gun. Here they are (*holding them up*).

Tom. Old Bampico; indeed how that ould devil was discomfuddled. How he flared up when I hit him over the back of his cocoanut with a club. So he sneaked away, kinder agitated.

Noah. One of um shot an arrow at me, and I let blaze at him and he went tumbling over backwards, forgetting his poor relations, just as if a mule had saluted him with both hind legs.

Nathan. The heavens! just when on the run my old blunderbuss, blazing with fire and smoke, went off. The charge went right against the hinder parts of that bloody old chief, and over he went headlong.

Deacon Drown. All over the village the bloody beasts made an attack at the same time. They seemed in a hurry, driven many ways, setting fires. And didn't we rout um?

But now it is meet that we return to our sacred Puritan altar. Thankful may we be to our King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, for this our safe deliverance.

[*Excunt. Enter LEONORA and NIMROD.*

Leonora. Nimrod, in this battle me thought it best to take no part. Indians my friends, so be the settlers. For Philip's crew me have no concern. Me think of another. Me fear for me brave Kianemo. Nimrod, have ye seen or heard of him? Me never have seen him since his trial and escape.

Nimrod. Nay, and faith, and I believe he safely escaped; and sure he wouldn't dare to be in the fight, for either side would kill him dead. But to what tribe he fled, or whether he be still secreted hereabouts, me don't know, can't tell ye.

Leonora. Kianemo be too brave to hide away. His arm be too strong to feel weak at sight of murderers.

Nimrod. Where do ye think Kianemo may be?

Leonora. Ah! how is it, do ye ask where? He be in deep woods, pursues the wild deer in the mountains.

Nimrod. And faith, nor the devil of a deer does he pursue in the mountains. Ah, ha! the *dear* that he pursues is niver a bit so far away; ha, ha, ha! It's Leonora. Yes, *dear*, she is *dear* enough.

Leonora. Oh, no, me refuse him. Me now sad because me offend him, I fear. Guess he knows me not to be here. He may be wandering, looking for me. He valiant and noble. Kianemo be near me at night. He in me thought, in me heart. Me fear him dead.

Nimrod. Never mind, Leonora! never mind! Kianemo must be still alive! True, and the bloody murderers shot at him. But faith, they never a one of them hit him. And 't was me that upon a horse saw him as valiantly he flew away from the blackguards out of sight unharmed. Me own guess for it, and sure he

is somewhere in these hillsides, still loving and still saking his dear Leonora.

Leonora. Oh, then, me will wait. Oh, Kianemo, Kianemo (*breaking into a song, gazing into the mountains*): —

My heart shall leap with joy serene,
To hail thee here at morn or e'en,
In manner most becoming.
I'll make the wigwam wild with flowers,
I'll know the very midnight hours,
Still waiting for thy coming.

Up to that promised bridal day,
My soul transported wings away,
To my beloved alone.
For him, for me, what joys to come,
To meet for aye, to be but one;
Then shall my cares be gone.

[*Music.*]

SCENE VI. — *Same. Near the Wachusett Mountains. Present, Goffe and Whalley; and Dixwell approaching a wigwam.*

Dixwell. Good cheer, my companions, good cheer. But are we safe in these mountains?

Goffe. Oh, yes! There are no English settlements near us. The king's constables can never find us in these woods. We've heard of him only occasionally through the friendly Indians. Surely, the constable will never seek these brambles. This New England wilderness is much too dark for the royal eyesight. Indeed, its pathways are much too rugged for the silver slippers, or for the foolhardiness of a king's constable. These bramble mountain passes, oft troublesome to the hun-

ters' hounds, shall serve to endanger the royal dogs of King Charles. Sure, the king's cowardly constable will never have the courage to penetrate this, so dark a wilderness. If he does, in the faith of God, and in my own strength (*brandishing a pistol*), he shall be my dog and my victim.

Dixwell. Since here, we have traversed the territories of Canonicus, of the squaw sachem of Wachusett, and of Hadley. The tribes are friendly to us. Even the royal settlers having hearts of men would conceal us. Cautious, we must henceforth live concealed.

Goffe. Concealed; save when war invades or endangers us. As here in Hadley, when we volunteered to aid the church-going settlers against the invasions of Philip's tribes.

Whalley. Yes, Dixwell, let me add a word; let me tell ye as how our Brother Goffe, hidden at Hadley of late, came forth and heroically opposed the invasion of blood-stained savages, and, leading the Puritans, drove the tribes out of sight. And then how at once his old white locks disappeared into a cellar out of sight, and how at length to this hour the settlers have thought him to have been an angel sent of God to their deliverance.

Goffe. Ah, mayhap, it was an apparition, from their more immediate friends, the departed Pilgrims. [*Exit.*

Dixwell. More likely it may have been the ghost of King Charles I. upon a flying visit to his venerable judges. Indeed, it would be doubtful if even here he heard any good of himself. But who comes? [*Enter LEONORA.*] Lady, thou art, as I am impressed, the squaw sachem of Wachusett.



CROSSING TO THE CONTIOCOOK.

Leonora. They call me so. Me own these lands, and me live in these mountains.

Goffe. Well, then, as I opine, this wilderness being thine, you have a strong influence over the tribes and with the English settlers in this new world.

Leonora. Me have lived with English at peace, but have no good will for the angry tribes of late King Philip.

Goffe. Ah! and this is where and why you are a friend to us; and now that we are accused of being regicides, wandering here for dear life, may we not, Leonora, seek thy protection?

Leonora. Whence have ye come? And why does King Charles seek to kill thee?

Goffe. We three, as they call us, are Regicides. For seven long years we were friends and adherents of Oliver Cromwell. Believing in him, we were appointed and sat among the fifty-seven judges who condemned King Charles I., the present king's father, to be beheaded. For all that seven years England had its best government. But Cromwell died. Since then the second Charles has been crowned; and now he is seeking the lives of us all, the judges who sat in judgment against that old king and tyrant, his father. Many of the judges, our brethren in London, have already been beheaded. We have fled. We are here, and the king's constables are on our track, doubtless somewhere about in this wilderness. Here we are, and here I am now, dear Leonora. Will you find me some place where I may be at peace and in entire safety?

Leonora. Me will try; ye will please follow me.

(*And she conducts him through a door into a cellar of her wigwam, and returning*): [*Enter KIANEMO.*] Oh, my dear, dear Kianemo! (*embracing him.*) Now tell me, tell me, Kianemo, where ye have been, and how ye have fared?

Kianemo. Ah, the murderers did seek me life. But me took flight away, away off. Now me life be safe, me have come back. Me love thee, Leonora. Me seek a new wigwam with thee.

Leonora. Nay, not now. Me tell you a story, a secret. There be a brave old man, a Regicide, in there (*pointing to the tent door*). Big man, a judge, who tried and helped to kill a bad king. Now the second king's constable is in these, my own woods, trying to catch and kill the judges.

Kianemo. Be there more than one judge?

Leonora. Yea, there be three, only one here now; two others somewhere in the woods.

Kianemo. What! in a wigwam, or in a cave?

Leonora. In a cave, or in some old cot, secreted. The officer is hunting after the judges to carry them back to the big king in England to be beheaded. That officer be murderer. He seek blood. Go find him. He be spying about here. Do this for me. To do this, I charge thee, kill him! kill that king's constable!

Kianemo. How shall me know him? And me arrows all used up; how shall me kill him?

Leonora. Know him? He have blue coat, bright buttons. Arrows? me get one (*turning and opening the tent door, and bringing a pistol from the Regicides to Kianemo*). Now kill that constable, or this right hand of mine shall never be thine. Kill him!

Kianemo. Me *will* kill him; me will give his body to the wolf and his soul to the grizzly bear. [Exit.

[Enter GOFFE.

Goffe. Lady, have ye seen an English officer here of late, a man quite aged?

Leonora. Yea, me have seen one. But he is gone. What do ye want of the man? Is he a Regicide, and is the king's officer hunting for him?

Goffe. Indeed he is, my friend. I parted with him not far away, as he then appeared [Enter WHALLEY] to be meandering hither, avoiding detection from the king's forces. Ah, here is another old friend.

Whalley. Goffe, I begin to fear for our safety in this wilderness. The king's constable is hereabouts. I got sight of him; and I descried an Indian, who apparently was upon his track, lurking clandestinely in pursuit of him.

Goffe (beckoning to Leonora). Here let me acquaint my friend Whalley with thee, who art the heir to all the lands hereabouts. We are strangers. We seek thy protection beneath these mountains, this lofty Wachusett.

Leonora. What! art thou also a Regicide? Were you among the braves who have escaped to these shores, who long ago sat in judgment against King Charles I.?

Whalley. Yea, indeed, we are the same, and we ask thy friendly protection (*drawing his pistols*). These deadly weapons, with which we are armed, if need be, shall sustain thee in our defence.

Leonora. Protection, braves, protection! This right arm of mine, the Great Spirit giving me strength, shall give protection to thy frosty locks. Here, give me a

firelock (*Goffe giving her a pistol, she, opening the door, and secretes them also with Dixwell*). There please stay till Leonora calls for thee. And I'll swear to the Great Spirit, that the king's constable, who now seeks thy blood, shall bite the dust. Adieu.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE VII. — *Same. Leonora at rest. Enter King's Constable.*

King's Constable. Are you the proprietor of this cot?

Leonora. Me own it; me own these mountains. This be my wigwam, mine to keep and defend.

King's Constable. But I have a warrant of power from King Charles.

Leonora. And my power be from the Great Spirit.

Constable. Mine is against the Regicides, not against you. It charges them of having beheaded King Charles I. By this (*opening his paper*) I am commanded to apprehend the three judges and convey them back to England.

Leonora. Me will have nothing to do with your warrant. King has nothing to do with me, me'll have nothing to do with the king.

Constable. Assuredly, my warrant from the King authorizes me to make search for the Regicides, Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell. I demand of you to know whether they are, or are not, secreted somewhere here within your enclosure. You, I am told, are the squaw sachem of these lands.

Leonora. This enclosure is Leonora's. It be her own castle. Over her or hers your king has no power.

This is Leonora's hunting-ground, not your hunting-ground. 'Tis the land of a squaw sachem, not the land of a king.

Constable. Believing the Regicides to be here, I shall insist on entering your wigwam. I have a posse of assistants to my service. I will summon them.

[Exit to call them.]

Leonora. Me defy ye (*raising the war whoop*),
Woach! woach! ha! ha! ha! woach! woach! ha! ha!
ha! oh! woach! (*Instantly a popping of infantry is heard without. Kianemo from the distance is blazing away at the king's constable and posse, and they, nearing the wigwam, are exploding their weapons and dodging hither and thither.*)

Leonora (*calling to the Regicides*). Bring bow and arrows, bring weapons, bloody weapons. The king's posse, they be coming to kill us.

All (*answering*). Oh, yes! Oh, yes! (*leaping forth pistols in hand, all abreast, to the aid of Leonora.*)

Goffe. Fear not, my brave lady, we, with you, will take the defensive. Thou shalt not be endangered.

Leonora. Let the tyrant come. Me'll let daylight shine into him. I'll pile slugs straight into his bread-basket. His body will I cut in quarters; his heart shall be food for the tiger, and his blood shall be drink for the jackal. (*Noise without, still the musketry seems nearing the wigwam, and she fires at him.*) Ah, me hit him, me hit him! Did ye see him limp? And yet he lurks.

Goffe. And to die, I hope. See (*holding up his weapons*), I've reserved my fire. This weapon, I have reserved it to the use of a tyrant's officer, and to the re-

ception of a murderous assassin in the unholy disguise of a king's constable, seeking blood. To take his life shall and will assert my own manliness. That God, who alone reigns in this wilderness through this queen of the forest, Leonora, and who is not King Charles (*glancing upwards*), shall strengthen this arm (*extending it*), and shall justify the deed. Hasten, Whalley! Hasten, Dixwell, haste! See to it that Leonora's weapons, as well as your own, are well charged and primed.

Leonora. Me kill him. Me all ready.

[*Enter NIMROD in a hurry. Noise of musketry without.*]

Nimrod. News, Leonora, news. There be a duel; terrible fight. The king's constable hath hurt Kianemo, and Kianemo hath crippled the king's constable, and there be others there fighting. Kianemo be in and out, but he be fast following um with gun and daggers.

Leonora (extending her dagger). Then let me alone. I'll kill that constable if Kianemo don't. (*The constable limping into sight, but perceiving the Regicides armed, tries to secrete himself, but dodges out of sight pursued by Kianemo; when round they come again, and Kianemo, while all are firing at him, kills him with a dagger.*)

Goffe. Thus dies a would-be murderer. Thus let the wicked perish; a tyrant's messenger seeking blood, let him die and slumber like a dog. Leonora, nobly hast thou defended thy castle; nobly indeed have ye defended us. Thanks we give thee, with such rewards as our means will afford thee, to wit, the crown of a queen. (*Placing it upon her head, he exclaims*): Indeed, thou shalt be queen of these mountains forever. Kia-

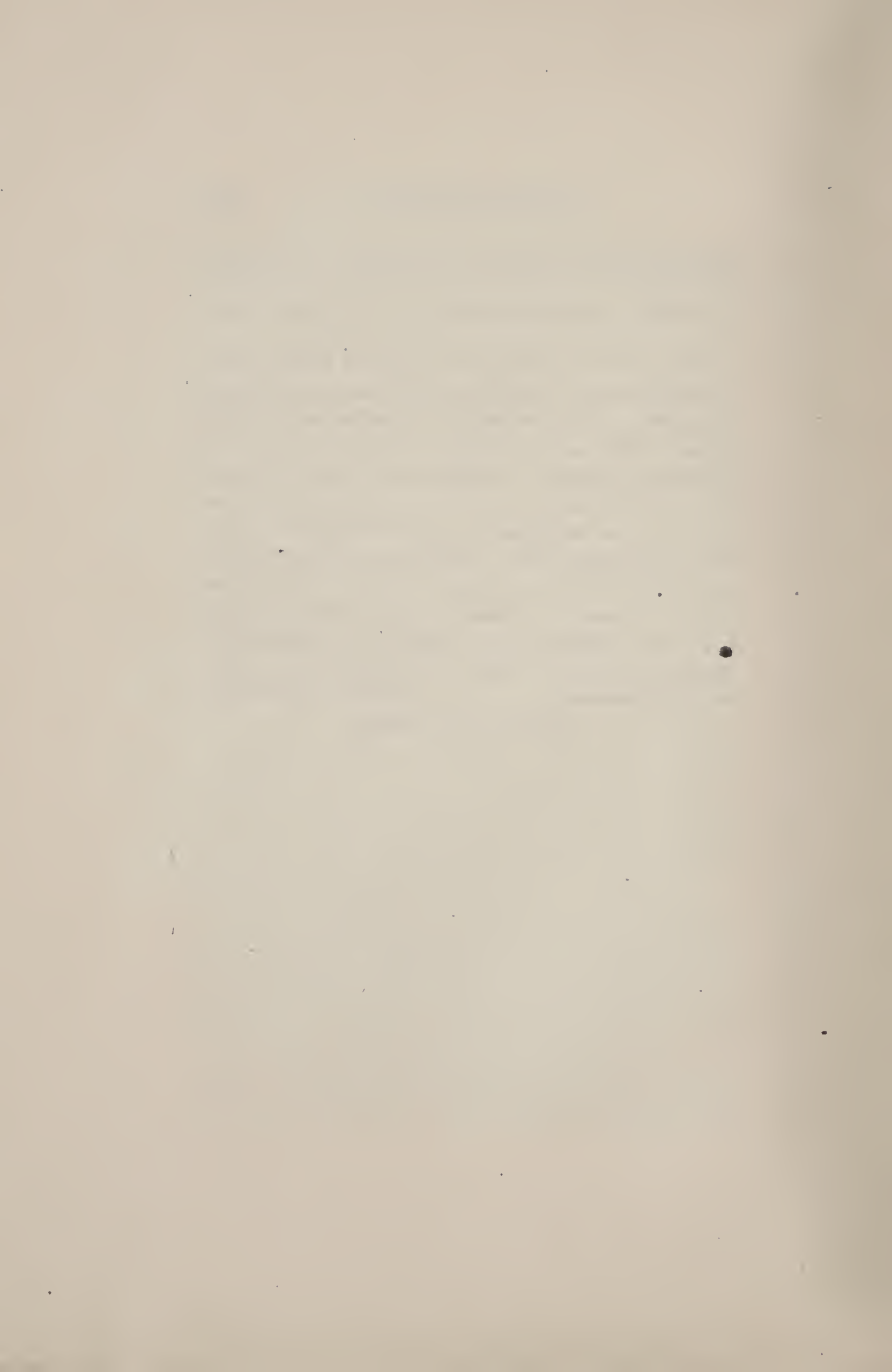
nemo, what do ye find upon the person of a royal tyrant's messenger?

Kianemo. Me find nothing but these papers and a purse of gold.

Goffe. Give me the papers; the gold is thine, Kianemo (*returning it to him, and at the same time destroying the papers*). Thus the king's warrant becomes as nothingness. Like unto the king's constable, let the royalty of all tyrants perish. In sight of this, my dear Brothers Dixwell and Whalley, these very men are endeared to us. For here is our deliverance, and here is the queen. And here is the gallant, the great-hearted Kianemo, who, henceforth, is to be the bearer of many a floweret, and forever (*joining their hands*) with a valiant, truthful heart, is to lead our noble queen by the right hand. Thus, our dear queen, thou art wedded to the heroic, noblest Kianemo.

[*Regicides hand in hand.*]

[*Curtain slow falling.*]



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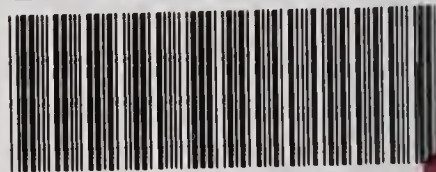
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